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Oll Coomes, author of "Ironsides, the Scout," "Boy Spy," etc., now writes exclusively for the Saturday Journal.

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"DEATH-NOTCH" is my last and best. It is alive with the most startling scenes I ever wrote.—OLL COOMES.

**DEATH-NOTCH THE DESTROYER:**  
OR,  
THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.  
BY OLL COOMES.  
Author of "Hawkeye Harry," "Boy Spy," "Ironsides, the Scout," etc.

**CHAPTER L**  
THE LEAGUE OF EIGHT.  
"Here."  
"Richard Carter?"  
"Here."  
"Here."  
"David Hawes?"  
"Akos MEREDITH?"  
"Here."  
"George Olsen?"  
"Here."  
"Frank Harriott?"  
"Here."  
"Preston O'Ray?"  
"Here, bedad!"  
"Here, laddie!"  
"Here, lad!"  
"Omaha, the Friendly?"

"Here."  
"All are present," said the leader of the party, Fred Travis.  
In fact it was unnecessary to call the roll to apprise that little band that not one of its members was absent. But it was done in observance of a code of regulations which they had adopted before setting out upon the trail.  
All were young men, being over three-and-twenty years of age, and two or three somewhat younger, but all like true sons of the border, were possessed of hardihood and strength, and their hearts were burning with a terrible fire of revenge.  
Each one carried a rifle, a side tomahawk and hunting-knife, while from the bosom of their hunting-shirts peeped the polished pistol-butts.  
They stood beneath the umbrageous covering of an oak, each leaning upon his rifle and waiting the orders of his leader; but, ere those orders breaking up their night's bivouac beneath the great oak tree, there suddenly came the sharp report of a rifle, followed by a low cry—the unmistakable death-wail.  
The Eight Avengers gazed from one to the other with惊异的神情.  
"Without a doubt another accursed red-skin has fallen," said Fred Travis.  
"Yes; but who fired the shot?" asked young Hawes.  
"Does the Omaha know?"  
"Does not Death-Notch, the Young Scalp-Hunter, lurk within these woods?"  
The Avengers started at mention of this name of one whom none of them but the young Omaha had ever seen, yet of whom they had heard most amazing reports. He was represented as being a youth of Titan proportions and power, cunning as a fox and subtle as a serpent—a deadly enemy to the human race, going and coming like one of supernatural powers and bearing the heart of a fiend. Human lives and human scalps were said to be the sole object of his search; and that upon a thousand different trees in the forest bordering the Little Sioux river, might be found the totem of this mad destroyer—a notch cut with a tomahawk upon the trunk or limb of a tree, each notch representing a victim; and where the notch was found, there could be found also a decaying corpse or bleaching skeleton.  
No wonder then that the Eight Avengers started when the Friendly mentioned the name of Death-Notch.  
"Friend or foe?" replied Travis, firmly. "we must do our work. Were Death-Notch twice the destroyer that he is, he must not stand in the way of our vengeance; nor shall he. Omaha, the duty devolves upon you to ascertain what that shot meant."  
The Omaha at once glided from their midst.

**DEATH-NOTCH THE SCALPHUNTER**  
THE YOUNG BY OLL COOMES.

"The destroyer is in your council-lodge! Behold him!" cried the supposed warrior, throwing aside his blanket. "I am Death-Notch!"

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as silently as a shadow, while the band in perfect stillness awaited his return. A few moments passed when a low whistle was heard.

"That is the Omaha's call," said Travis; "advance!"

The half band moved away in the woods, and soon came to where the Indian was standing within the shadows of a wide-branched tree.

"What did you want?" asked Travis.

The young Indian pointed to the ground. There, half concealed among the weeds and grass, lay the form of a Sioux warrior, dead and scalped. From a deep gash in the left cheek the warm blood was still flowing.

"Death-Notch has been here," simply said the Friendly. "Behold his totem!"

Every eye was turned in the direction indicated, and upon the trunk of the tree near where the dead warrior lay, they saw a small notch, evidently cut with a hatchet, and so recently that the sap was still oozing from the wound.

The band stood for a moment silent before the dead warrior and the dread signal.

"Ask the winds," was the Omaha's reply; "Death-Notch leaves no trail."

Not caring to face the superstitious fears which it was apparent some of the band felt, Travis exclaimed:

"Well, trail or no trail, we must on to our work. So forward all!"

In single file the little band set off through the forest.

History has recorded the horrors of the Spirit Lake Massacre, in the spring of 1837. A detachment of braves of the great chief Inkpaducal's force, under Young Sleepy Eyes, descended upon the settlements in the vicinity of the lake, killing and burning all before them.

At the time of the attack, these young men were away several miles northward, hunting; but when they returned they found their homes destroyed and their friends all gone. Then they formed a compact which afterward rendered their names noted: they swore to track the merciless foe to death, and rescue their friends if any still existed.

For days had they traversed the treeless prairie and trackless wilderness, guided by the never-failing and indomitable Omaha. And now, as they moved on, and the sun mounted higher into the heavens, the air became hot and sultry and the sky overcast with clouds. To the Avengers these were forebodings of a storm, still they pressed on, and when the sun stood upon the meridian, they stopped by a little stream to rest and refresh themselves from their meager supply of food.

While thus engaged the sharp clatter of hoofs broke suddenly upon their ears. The next instant a youthful horseman came galloping from the shadows of the woods and swept like a dart across the little valley before them.

The horseman was a mere boy. He could not have been over sixteen, and was as fair and delicate in features as a maiden. Masses of long dark hair fell in ripples to his horse's back, and dark, lustrous eyes looked sharply from between their long silken lashes. A little red cap with a single white feather surmounted his head. A blue jacket handsomely wrought with threads of gold clothed the beautiful rounded shoulders, slender form and well-molded arms. The collar lay open, revealing a full, snow-white chest of throat.

The only weapon he possessed was a small, silver-mounted rifle, which he carried in front of him across the withers of the raven-black pony he rode.

The youth, seemingly, did not see our young friends, but galloped across the valley and plunged into the woods beyond.

"Och, but he's a royal lad!" exclaimed young O'Ray. "Sich a form; sich hair; sich eyes, ay! be the Howly Mother, he must be a young god aye the woods."

"He was a fine-looking youth," said Amos Meredith.

"A young ranger, I suppose," added another.

"Boys," said Fred Travis, "say what you may of that youth. I say he's a fine fellow, almost, on the east that it is a female."

"Then?" said Omaha, staring suddenly up, "if that is the case, Death-Notch is a female, for you have looked upon the face of that terrible young Scalp-Hunter!"

CHAPTER II.  
THE LOVERS.

A score of log-huts surmounting a bold stonebank overlooking the little Sioux river, comprised the settlement of Sioux City. It had first been established as a small trading post by a party of French Canadians, and from year to year a family or two had been added to its population until it now numbered something like a hundred souls. Men had brought their families there and established themselves permanently, engaging principally in hunting and the fur trade. A few, however, followed the immoral calling of whisky-traders. Another kept a gun-shop and variety-store, and a few tilled a number of acres of ground near the settlement.

Although Stony Cliff bore a disreputable name, the inhabitants generally did, it was not entirely wanting in virtue. They had passed laws of its own, established a school and church, and strenuous efforts were made to bring all within the pale of Christianity. But in this it had failed in many instances, as the progress of our story will show.

At noon on the same day that our story opens, a young girl stood alone upon the banks of the river, within the shadow of a clump of trees, less than half a league below the settlement.

She was not over seventeen years of age, and tall, squarely and graceful proportion, and fair and pale, with dark eyes and dark hair. Before her upon the river a little canoe was rocking upon the waves, and in it lay the man's body and shawl.

As she walked to and fro beneath the arched boughs of the trees, she would start occasionally and glance anxiously about her, but, nothing meeting her gaze, a cloud of disappointment would settle upon her pretty face, and she would half-nervously and half-anxiously twist and turn the bouquet of wild flowers she held in her hand.

Was she there to meet some one? Was she expecting an unfaithful lover?

As the moments wore on, the sound of a footstep broke suddenly upon her ears, and then the figure of a youth appeared from the shadows of the woods and stood before her.

He was a handsome lad of not over eighteen or nineteen years, and, in spite of his years, was possessed of all the developments of a man. Indeed, such perfection of manhood was seldom found in a boy. He was of medium height, with massive chest, muscular limbs, dark eyes that sparkled with the light of a wild, daring spirit, clear-cut features and a well-defined head, covered with a wealth of short, crisp curly hair.

He was dressed in a clean, neat-fitting garb of a hunter, and carried a rifle and hunting-knife.

The maiden did not start with surprise at sight of him. On the contrary, her face lit up with the light of love, and, advancing toward him, she said, in a petulant tone:

"Oh, Ralph! why have you kept me waiting so long?"

"I was not aware that I had, sweet Sylveen," he replied, in a low, pleasant voice, stooping and kissing her upon the warm, flushed cheek.

"Why, yes, Ralph; I have been here for more than an hour," Sylveen responded.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting, my love, but then, if you will look at that shadow, Sylveen, you will see I am here at the appointed hour."

Sylveen glanced at the shadow, and laughed softly.

"Oh, I know, Ralph; you are always true to me," she said, "but I am so impatient."

"I have tried, Ralph, but anxiety for your safety keeps me in a fever of excitement all the time."

"Do not, I implore you, dear Sylveen, keep yourself uneasy about me. It is my sole—the guiding hope of my future happiness, to think that you love me—that you are my own darling

Sylveen. But, I would be still more happy did I know you were not fretting about my safety. Rest assured that I will not be so reckless of your happiness as to thrust my head carelessly into needless dangers."

"But, Ralph, you know," Sylveen gently persisted, "that Death-Notch, the Scalp-Hunter is in these woods, and that he favors none in his terrible vengeance."

Ralph, smiling, smiled at the maiden's remarks, and replied:

"I have never yet seen Death-Notch, Sylveen, nor have I ever met a person that has seen him. Is he not a myth?"

"No, Ralph; several of the settlers have seen him at a distance," said Sylveen. "They said his face was that of a mere boy, but that he was a giant in stature."

Again Ralph St. Leger smiled. He was a youth whose education and natural good sense overbalanced all superstitious belief and reports, despite the fact that he was a borderman himself, a trapper-boy and free-rover of the prairie.

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## THE UNLOVED.

BY G. H. HORR.

A lonely one stood by my gate,  
Upon a summer's eve;  
He gazed upon me, wistfully,  
Before he took his leave!  
He was not fair—in fact, he was  
Somewhat of tawny hue;  
Some of the sons of tropic climes  
We oftentimes make now.  
  
His eyes were dark and very bright,  
A costly gem he wore;  
He did not wear it flauntingly,  
To tempt the needy poor!  
  
He was unloved, although his form  
Was cast in Nature's mold;  
Though Art to him could add no charm,  
Nor fresher tints unfold!  
  
Some slanderous tongues have whispered loud,  
He is to view inclined;  
Neither can, nor will believe,  
He has a vicious mind!  
  
His gait, 'tis true, is rather queer,  
He set his foot so else moved;  
What all the gifts I just have told,  
How little is he loved!

Ah, yes; I own he is not an  
Apollo Belvidere! His movements are a little brusque,  
As urged by hope or fear!  
Whom do you think, this black-eyed wight?  
Before you answer—wait;  
Tell you now—or have you guessed—  
A toad beside my gate.

## The Red Scorpion: OR, THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST-CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.

THE gloom of death hung over Birdwood. Not a bad soul but told of grief at loss of little Eddy—so loved was he by all that household.

His death was so sudden and from such peculiar ailment as to baffle, while it puzzled, the physician in attendance.

There was a burning fever, a delirium in the brain, together with a palsied limpness of arm and limb; the veins were swollen beneath the parched skin; yet, what the sickness, or its cause or cure, could not be decided.

Without a farewell word, the soul had sought that realm of glory bourned beyond the skies—and Eddy slept.

Karl Kurtz seemed overwhelmed with an utterable woe. The child was a very idol to him—loved, cherished, guarded with a jealous fondness; and now, to be snatched away, when the young life was budding in all its freshness—heathy, vigorous, smiling for those whose chiefest pleasure centered in its promises of perfect manhood.

But there was one who shared not in the sorrow of the hour; there was one who did not mingle tears of sympathy with others.

Vincent Carew, grim and devilish, watched the result of his dark doings with a hypocrite's exterior, while in his heart he laughed, and called on the departed spirit of Antoine Martinet to witness the fulfillment of his vow.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "Are you mad?" "Call it madness if you will. But, I say you shall. Vincent Carew is not a man to be turned aside by one refusal, nor a dozen, nor by the fact that you may despise him. I am here to become your husband!"

She wondered at his insolence; she wondered why she stood there, listening to such language!

"Karl Kurtz will tell you," he went on, in a hurried way, "that, if you do not consent to this, I will hurl him, battered, hopeless, and crime-branded, on the world! You must marry me, to save him. You love him—your uncle? There is a power at my call by which I can sow ruin and desolation round you! Where peace and plenty now reign, I can bring down disgrace and famine! And these things I will do, if you do not be my bride! You hear, Lorilyn St. Clair? Do you understand?"

Fierce was the mien of this terrible lover; consuming with fires that could only light in such breasts as his, he glared upon her, and one hand clenched as he poured forth his curling threats.

And Lorilyn St. Clair did then what she had never done before—yielded to the tumult of her thoughts.

Her form quivered in painful excitement—painful because she read in Vincent Carew's face the warning of a dark destiny closing upon her; and this excitement was doubled by a great dread, or suspicion, that had fastened on her mind the day she had first seen him, when she heard him cry out the words: "The Phantom! The Phantom!"

"Yes, yes—I wish I was with Eddy! I wish I lay in the grave!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" interrupted Carew, with a grim smirk. "You know you're not fit to die, Mark Drael. But, don't stand here wasting time. Hurry to the city."

"Again I ask you to wait. Give me time to recover from the loss of my child. Have you no mercy?"

"Mercy? Look ye, Mark Drael: I could take from you every penny you own, and cast you out into the world, to mope along in beggary. Am I not right?"

"Yes—God help me!" replied Kurtz, in faltering accents.

"Very well. Considering I have only asked you to transfer Birdwood to me, place \$50,000 to my credit in bank, and guaranteed me the hand of Lorilyn St. Clair in marriage, I think I have been very reasonable. Your wealth will not suffer in granting these, nor will your reputation. Obey, and all will be well; refuse, and—"

"Stop—spare me your threats. I am going—I'll go." And he turned away.

As he ascended the stairs, however, his eyes brightened with a momentary flush.

"Not long, Vincent Carew!—not long! I'll cheat you of the deeds, and then in three days, you'll be dead!" He placed his hand to his breast pocket, as he spoke, where he carried the vial given him by Cale Fez; and as he clutched the little thing, he seemed to gather strength. "But," he added, "I will not, even then, be free! Thaddeus Gimp demands a salary of me, in consideration for his secrecy regarding Antoine Martinet. What does he know of Antoine Martinet? I care not for the money, but, possessing such knowledge as he may, he is dangerous. Ah! Robert St. Clair, you are growing desperate indeed! Though, it can't be helped; I must save myself—yes, though it cost a score of lives, I must save myself!"

Vincent Carew entered the parlor, where he pulled the bell-rope.

"Tell Miss St. Clair I wish to see her," was his order.

In a few minutes the servant returned, with:

"Miss St. Clair says she don't want to see anybody, sir."

"Go back and say I must see her."

"Yes, sir," and the man departed, wondering who this stranger was, that frowned so much, strutting arrogantly about, and took upon himself so many airs.

The second message brought Lorilyn to his presence.

It was the same proud, ice-like, beautiful girl she ever was, that swept in and faced him with haughty inquiry; and her lustrous orbs lost their dreamy brilliancy in a brighter, flashing gaze, as she confronted him who had said she "must" grant an interview.

"Well, sir, please state what it is you desire."

"Partly to feast my eyes on your beauty."

"Sir!"

"And partly on a matter of business," he concluded, without noting her quick interruption.

"Perhaps," she said, "you can see that I dislike to converse with you. Therefore, the sooner you have done, the better."

"And why should you form this dislike? You have seen but little of me—"

"You are detaining me for a trifle. Why do you wish to see me?"

"Tell me, Lorilyn St. Clair, what it was that startled you on the piazza, a week ago, when you fled from me?"

Calmly she stood; yet, the question had sent a wild, ungovernable thrill to her heart, which almost checked its pulsations.

"Tell me," he reiterated, as she remained silent.

"I will not."

"You will not?"

"I have said, 'I will not.'"

He saw it would be useless to question further. Her words were unmistakably decisive.

"Then," said he, endeavoring to appear indifferent—though he would have given an arm to get at the information he sought—"we will say no more of it. There are other matters equally important, to which we will turn our attention."

"Speak on, sir."

"You must divine that I had an object in coming to Birdwood."

"For the sake of brevity, we will admit it."

"That object was yourself."

"Ah!"

"Ay, Lorilyn St. Clair"—his eyes burning with the fierce passion that had seized him—"you. I love you in a way that wouldadden other men! You must be my wife—"

"Marry you!" Her face was rigid, as if carved of marble, and as icy; but there was an indescribable accent to her voice, which, at least, bespoke some mysterious horror.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "Are you mad?"

"Call it madness if you will. But, I say you shall. Vincent Carew is not a man to be turned aside by one refusal, nor a dozen, nor by the fact that you may despise him. I am here to become your husband!"

She wondered at his insolence; she wondered why she stood there, listening to such language!

"Karl Kurtz will tell you," he went on, in a hurried way, "that, if you do not consent to this, I will hurl him, battered, hopeless, and crime-branded, on the world! You must marry me, to save him. You love him—your uncle? There is a power at my call by which I can sow ruin and desolation round you! Where peace and plenty now reign, I can bring down disgrace and famine! And these things I will do, if you do not be my bride! You hear, Lorilyn St. Clair? Do you understand?"

Fierce was the mien of this terrible lover; consuming with fires that could only light in such breasts as his, he glared upon her, and one hand clenched as he poured forth his curling threats.

And Lorilyn St. Clair did then what she had never done before—yielded to the tumult of her thoughts.

Her form quivered in painful excitement—painful because she read in Vincent Carew's face the warning of a dark destiny closing upon her; and this excitement was doubled by a great dread, or suspicion, that had fastened on her mind the day she had first seen him, when she heard him cry out the words: "The Phantom! The Phantom!"

"Yes, yes—I wish I was with Eddy! I wish I lay in the grave!"

"Not another hour. Have I not said I am tired waiting? When you asked me, one week ago to-day, to give you time under your affliction, I granted it. I feel that I have already been very lenient. You must go to town this morning. When you return, bring the deeds with you. You know there's no telling what might happen—you might die, and then I will have come all the way from England on a useless errand."

"Yes, yes—I wish I was with Eddy! I wish I lay in the grave!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" interrupted Carew, with a grim smirk. "You know you're not fit to die, Mark Drael. But, don't stand here wasting time. Hurry to the city."

"Again I ask you to wait. Give me time to recover from the loss of my child. Have you no mercy?"

"Mercy? Look ye, Mark Drael: I could take from you every penny you own, and cast you out into the world, to mope along in beggary. Am I not right?"

"Yes—God help me!" replied Kurtz, in faltering accents.

"Very well. Considering I have only asked you to transfer Birdwood to me, place \$50,000 to my credit in bank, and guaranteed me the hand of Lorilyn St. Clair in marriage, I think I have been very reasonable. Your wealth will not suffer in granting these, nor will your reputation. Obey, and all will be well; refuse, and—"

"Stop—spare me your threats. I am going—I'll go." And he turned away.

As he ascended the stairs, however, his eyes brightened with a momentary flush.

"Not long, Vincent Carew!—not long!

I'll cheat you of the deeds, and then in three days, you'll be dead!" He placed his hand to his breast pocket, as he spoke, where he carried the vial given him by Cale Fez; and as he clutched the little thing, he seemed to gather strength. "But," he added, "I will not, even then, be free! Thaddeus Gimp demands a salary of me, in consideration for his secrecy regarding Antoine Martinet. What does he know of Antoine Martinet? I care not for the money, but, possessing such knowledge as he may, he is dangerous. Ah! Robert St. Clair, you are growing desperate indeed! Though, it can't be helped; I must save myself—yes, though it cost a score of lives, I must save myself!"

Vincent Carew entered the parlor, where he pulled the bell-rope.

"Tell Miss St. Clair I wish to see her," was his order.

In a few minutes the servant returned, with:

"Miss St. Clair says she don't want to see anybody, sir."

"Go back and say I must see her."

"Yes, sir," and the man departed, wondering who this stranger was, that frowned so much, strutting arrogantly about, and took upon himself so many airs.

The second message brought Lorilyn to his presence.

"And how long since you assumed the position of her guardian?" with a sneer that blighted in his angry voice.

"Now you may pass," said Oscar, stepping aside, when he felt assured that Lorilyn had had sufficient time to gain her room.

Carew met his keen glance with a loving eye. Twice had his fists doubled to strike the young man; but, something stayed him. Perhaps it was that he saw in Oscar Storms one who was fully his equal, man to man.

His utterance was harsh, grating, husky with anger, as he cried:

"You'll regret this!"

He strode past; then he paused, turned, and hissed, menacingly.

"We are enemies! Look to yourself! You'll hear from me!"

"Better an enemy than a friend in such as you!" retorted Oscar, contemptuously.

"And to hearing from you—you'll find me at your service whenever you desire it."

"And I'll second him," added Gimp, in a tantalizing voice, while he swung his cane, nodded his fat, bulb-like head, and permitted that occasional twinkle of the pale-blue eyes.

Growling and gnashing his teeth, Carew went out to the piazza.

Dyke Rouel was ascending the steps.

"You here!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Why, maester?"

Dyke Rouel was ascending the steps.

"Rascal!—you were in the parlor, behind the curtains, not a moment since."

"I, maester?" He looked as if he would let fall the box he carried, so well affected was his surprise.

"Yes, you. Why were you listening?"

"No, maester, I—"

"You lie!" interrupted Carew.

Dyke bowed low—but it was to hide the resentful glitter that came into his eyes, and not in meekness, as one would suppose.

"Go to the stable, and bring me a horse."

Carew's mood changed abruptly.

He wanted to be alone. His encounter with Oscar Storms vexed and troubled him. It troubled him in that he had promised the young man a "future." A duel—though, with his bold, bad, reckless nature, he did not shrink from it—might result in injury to him; and to be rendered in any way helpless, at that critical period, was to court a ruin of his plans.

He knew that Thaddeus Gimp held some knowledge of Antoine Martinet; he knew that Oscar Storms held some power, over Karl Kurtz—he had heard enough to convince him of these facts. And why, if not to exercise their strangely acquired powers to an end of self-benefit, were these two men coming so regularly to Birdwood of his plans?

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# Saturday Journal

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98 William Street, New York.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Chat.**—Vassar College is a great success. We were present at its recent opening, and were amazed at the crowd of applicants for admission to the Freshman Class. Over one hundred more than the college could accommodate! Surely this speaks volumes for woman's progress. The college was founded to give her a sound scholarship, and that so many are eager for the orders of hard study makes us wish for more Mathew Vassars! Oh, if some of the rich men we could name would but put their immense wealth to such noble uses, how many would rise up to call them blessed!

James R. W., in writing, says:—"I was first made acquainted with the JOURNAL through the kindness of a friend, and a perusal of its late issues convinces me of its usefulness in the family circle; its excellency is surprising." To which we say to other friends of the JOURNAL, "Go thou and do likewise."

The postal laws are in a chronic state of disquietude. Hitherto all MSS., for publication came to us prepaid at "book rates." Now all that is abolished, and all MSS., other than actual book manuscripts, have to pay full letter rates. And the law making this change expressly stipulates that all MSS. underpaid in postage shall collect the amount so underpaid at the office of delivery; but now comes the P. M. General with a "decision" which sets all this aside; for he says that the office of delivery shall collect twice the amount of postage underpaid. Of course this is wholly illegal, since there not only is no warrant for it in the law itself, but it actually sets the law at defiance; for the postage so collected is in excess of full letter rates. But, who can defy a "decision"? Our correspondents have but one safe course to pursue—to fully pay every communication path of literature and conceal all the thorns—they desire to be popular, and dare not "speak out in meeting."

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

### The World's Peace Convention

THIS Convention, of which I am the honorable president, met yesterday in this city, and was composed of men from all parts of the world. Its object is to make universal peace everywhere.

All the members, when they were mere children, were noted for eternally crying for piece of bread and butter—and at the opening of the Convention each one was elected a Justice of the Peace. They were mostly men who had seen the evils of war and private feuds, and earnestly desired to do their utmost to prevent them.

I have seen a great deal of war myself and suffered much: have I not been cruelly put in the guard-house three times a week? Have I not suffered all the evils of court-martial and been deprived, cruelly, too, of sleeping on spring-beds? Have I not been nearly scared to death, time and again? At the beginning of a battle have I not been cruelly prevented from going home, when I was so anxious to go? Have I not run myself nearly to death to carry the news back that fight had commenced? Oh, ruthless war, I hate thee!

Absolem Brown had suffered all the sanguinary horrors of the draft, and he was in such materials and styles as will conduct to health and comfort.

ART. 3. We will clothe our feet and limbs in such materials and styles as will conduct to health and comfort.

Peter Brown had suffered in the war of his country to the extent of three honorable battles in his back; and he was willing, may ameliorated; for I confess I do not see any complete and satisfactory solution of our modern difficulty, known as the "Woman Question."

It is in this spirit I try to write for the

coming Feast of Good Things.

ART. 1. Our apparel shall be plain in style, without expensiveness or gaudy show in trimming, avoiding waste and display.

ART. 2. We will clothe our hair as God hath given it to us, without adding substitutes, unless we need a wig.

ART. 4. We will not wear artificial flowers, or any substitute therefor, nor will we put on needless jewelry.

ART. 5. We will not use or traffic in intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, nor will we use tobacco in any form, except as a medicine.

ART. 6. We will not use paint, or needless perfumes for our persons.

ART. 7. We will not swear profanely, or take the name of the Lord in vain.

ART. 8. If we have children, we will endeavor to clothe and feed them so as to promote comfort and health, avoiding the cruel fashions that endanger their lives.

ART. 9. We will endeavor to make our expenditures in food and household furniture within our income, and with reference to health and comfort.

ART. 10. We will not attend Circuses, Theaters, Horse-Races, or any amusements the tendency of which is to demoralization, nor engage in games of chance, to the waste of time and money.

This is a platform broad enough for a world to stand upon; but, alas! that world is so given to ribbing and show, that the missionary will surely labor without reward.

All he will secure to follow him will be a laughable array of human singularities, male and female, whom a coroner's jury would run away from. Just think of pretty girls and women of society under this "New Dispensation!" We shudder over the contemplation. No false hair, no ribbons or laces, no perfumes, no jewelry—why, they would be fossils. We don't go in for the League.

## SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

ALLOW me to say, in the first place, that I have no desire to puff up pill-venders. I merely wish to show you how we often sugar-coat what would otherwise be bitter and disagreeable pills, and as editors rank very highly in my estimation, I'll speak a word for them first. If they can not accept our manuscript, they tell us that it is not suited for their paper—that they are overstocked with matter, or that they do not feel like purchasing any thing, as their regular contributors furnish them with all the matter they desire. Were they to tell us the truth—that they see no merit in our productions—we should hardly have the courage to present our wares at any other place, or have any ambition to do better in the future; so you see the pill of rejection is not so bitter to swallow if it is sugar-coated with a few words of regret at the non-acceptance of a manuscript.

The doctors tell us we are not so *very ill* as we imagine, and if we will only try to get well, he will try to help us along. Now, isn't this better than having a person with a death-head countenance whining in our ears that death is the lot of all, and he hopes we shall be happier in the other world than we have ever been in this? He gives us a bitter pill, but forgets to put on its coat of sugar.

Then what a habit they have nowadays if rich people steal any thing! Of course they are not thieves; it would not be polite, and might be offensive to their ears, so they have a surar-coated pill presented to them, and are pitted for being victims of kleptomaniacs.

Persons in society rarely kill any one from evil intentions; they are "insane," and not accountable for their own actions.

They are insane enough to commit murder, yet not insane enough to be put in a lunatic asylum. What a nice thing a coating of sugar is, now, isn't it?

Then we have the shoemaker gloss over the uncouth size of our feet, and if we think No.—but I won't say how high a number fits us—it is enormously large, he says he has known many ladies to wear sizes three times as large! Whether he tells the actual truth or not, of course we have no means of ascertaining, but he's an adept in the art of laying the coat of sugar thick over the pill of a big foot.

Then there's the baby! It may be as homely as an imp, and as noisy as two Tom-cats, but we don't tell its parents so; we pronounce it to be the sweetest and most quiet little darling we have ever had the good luck to meet. And we twist that ugly nose—figuratively and not literally speaking—into a more perfect shape. Ah me! the sugar seems to last a great while, but you must remember that the pills are inexhaustible, and they must be coated to "go down" some throats.

Resolved, That universal peace must be carried into households. No man will hereafter be allowed to marry a wife who has a mother, or has ever had one. No wife will be permitted to wage war upon a defenseless husband, no matter how big he is, nor compel him to sleep out in the woodshed.

Resolved, That the peace on earth is disturbed after this, it won't be our fault.

Respectfully, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Sam Wicks had suffered all the conveniences of a hospital while the battle of Fair Oaks was going on—being compelled to lie there when he wasn't sick; his cry was for peace at all hazards.

Dick Bilvins had had a camel's hump built on his head, just because he had, who was told a man in the poliest way he knew of that he lied; he was for universal peace, at any price.

An English member had been severely kicked just because he told a dun, who had called on him thirty-nine times, to call the next day, and that would make forty; he was in for universal misery.

Indeed, all the members had suffered in the dissensions of mankind, more or less, and it was the most peaceful crowd that ever was gathered together.

The following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Resolved. That in case of a battle, it is the duty of the nearest member of this society to hasten with all speed to the field of carnage, get in between the contending armies and wave his handkerchief—providing he has one—and read the riot act; if that does not prevent the progress of the battle, let him wedge brickbats in the muzzles of all the cannon to prevent them from being discharged, draw all the loads out of the mortars with a cork-screw, catch the shells and tie a string around them, to keep them from bursting, and take the locks off of all the muskets. If they still persist in fighting, take all the ammunition from the soldiers and tie every one of them to a tree; then you will have them secure, and, of course, the blood-shedding will stop.

Resolved. That if battles after this must be fought, no bayonets shall be used: the canon shall be loaded with nothing but yarrow-balls, and muskets with mud balls, while the mortars throw nothing but hollow pumpkin-shells. No swords must be used but wooden ones, and the contending forces must keep their respectful distances. It is the opinion of this learned and peaceful body that if this resolution is followed out to the letter, great battles can be fought without the harrowing feature of blood being shed.

Resolved. That it is the duty of the members of this society when they see a street fight in progress, to resolutely pull off their coats and ask some of the bystanders to go in determinedly and stop the muss.

Resolved. That if any nation feels herself smitten by another, and *must* go to war, that it send none but members of this society, for the world can rest assured that they won't fight.

Resolved. That if any of the members of this society are hit on the nose, or kicked, they will pocket the affront, or the arrear, and say nothing about it—or, at least, run home, where they can have an opportunity of thinking twice upon it, before acting rashly.

Resolved. That as liquor is the main cause of brawls, it is our duty to destroy as much of it as we can; each member is expected to destroy it as he deems proper. This is the worst thing out, and it must be taken in.

Resolved. That, as many midnight murders are committed merely for money, it is our duty to remove the cause.

Resolved. That if any member is assaulted, he will give a lesson to the world by running off, as he has been in the habit of doing.

Resolved. That universal peace must be carried into households. No man will hereafter be allowed to marry a wife who has a mother, or has ever had one. No wife will be permitted to wage war upon a defenseless husband, no matter how big he is, nor compel him to sleep out in the woodshed.

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Respectfully, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## MR. ALBERT W. AIKEN'S NEW SERIAL,

A STRANGE GIRL,

is a story of the Homes and Mills of New England. It shows the author in quite a new view, and is of the deepest interest both as to persons and plot. Mr. Aiken is a very close observer of human nature, and that he reads women as well as man is fully evident from this admirable production.

## Woman's World.

The *Twaddle about Employment for Women, Home the Woman's World, Gentlewoman's Pictures, Lingerie, Dressing-gowns and Smoking-jackets, Hosiery, Body-belts and Chest-protectors.*

THERE is nothing which I so much deplore as the incessant twaddle. I can call it by no other name, kept up by some journals and in certain cliques, on the subject of "employment for women." According to these self-selected champions for the sex, nothing is to be done for women but to educate and train them for business, professions and trades, like men, and they can "take care of themselves."

Now, this I positively deny. Because some, or even many women, do support and take care of themselves, well and in comfort, while not a few acquire competencies and fortunes, that can never prove that women were intended by God and nature to be bread-winners, and competitors with men in the life-battle for fortune and honors. It is a cruel necessity of this age of progress and modern civilization, that so many women are deprived of the shelter of the *Home*, that true and only *WOMAN'S WORLD*. It is a cruel mistake to call it by the mildest name—to argue that the remedy for the necessity can be found in training women to trades and professions in the same way we do men. Such educations can, at best, but ameliorate the conditions in the case. Something more is needed, but I frankly confess I can not say what that something is, since we can not marry all our women to men who could provide them homes, where they might be, what nature intended them for, helpers for the ruder sex—not competitors with them.

If our girls could be educated in the happy art of rendering a small home attractive, and our boys be brought up to be less aspiring for fortune, and more content with comfort devoid of display, we might hope for better things. We need reform in the home circle and the school-room. We must sow the seeds of a wholesome humility in our boys as well as our girls, if we really desire to see this thing remedied, or rather ameliorated; for I confess I do not see any complete and satisfactory solution of our modern difficulty, known as the "Woman Question."

It is in this spirit I try to write for the

Woman's World, hoping to reach "our boys" through their mothers and sisters, inculcating chivalrous devotion to all womanhood through the medium of the love they shall feel for those self-sacrificing mothers and sisters.

The art of living well on small means should be cultivated, not so much for the immediate benefit of saving for accumulation, as for the example given our children. Teach a child by *example* a lesson of self-abnegation, a principle of humanity, and it will be of lasting benefit. But be sure while performing that act of self-sacrifice to exercise the rights of a parent in making your child do likewise. Do not provide a sewing-machine for your daughter, and neglect the purchase of tool-chest for your son. While she is taught to bake and brew, and knit and darn, teach him to hew and delve, and carve and mold, and bear the heavier burdens.

This is the way to teach true equality of the sexes. Above all, teach them the beautiful lesson of fraternal love, and in the coming years, if there is a necessity for the sister as well as the brother to enter the field of the world's great workshop, leaving the homestead behind them, he will not forget that she is the weaker vessel, and he will be not only her true knight and strong brother, but for her sake will take up his lance for all womanhood, while she will remember he could not perform some of the tasks easy for her defter fingers and quicker fancy, and though thousands of miles may separate them, for his sake she will remember that all men are brothers who need her gentle help and nimble ministrations. She will not be *strong-headed*; she will be truly *strong-minded*—strong in the strength made perfect through her weakness—strong-hearted. Now, I am not so dead in trespasses and sins of vanity, as to suppose I have solved the woman question, or that I have done any thing more than reiterate an old lesson—but it is one that can not be repeated too often. I am no opponent of woman's political and social enfranchisement, but I do oppose those shallow babblers who imagine they can remedy "woman's weakness, woman's pain" by putting a ballot in her hands. Can they *unmake* her very nature? Can they change her variable physical condition, *requiring* support, shelter and seclusion through so much of her time? Can they give her a man's strong muscles and determined will, and strong brain? Would she be a *woman* if all this were effected? Is our boasted civilization and progress to bring about this result? Forbid it, Heaven! We do not wish a nation of Amazons.

These contributions we must, for various reasons, return to the postmaster, as containing stamps, full letter rates, for such return: "Modern Chariot," "Saved by Lightning;" "Life's Better Lesson;" "General's Mistakes;" "An Advertisement;" "Bill Rivers;" "A Land-Slide;" "A Winter Rose;" "John Anderson's Boy;" "The Peace Offering;" "Darlings;" "Woman's Eyes;" "Only a Carrier-Boy," etc.

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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## WHERE TO REMEMBER.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTON.

You say you'll love me ever,  
You swear you won't forget;  
On days we've passed together  
You'll think with fond regret.  
And I would half believe you  
If it were not quite so true  
That human loves are fleeting  
As morning's early dew.  
  
But there's one place where friendship  
Can know no chilling change,  
Whose bonds never ends,  
And trifles ne'er annoy.  
Where hearts are pure and constant,  
And feel no blighting care;  
So love me up in Heaven!—  
You'll ne'er forget me there.

## Madame Durand's Protégés;

or,

## THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-  
CET," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MADAME'S WARNING.

THEY gathered, an awe-stricken group, about the great arm-chair and its silent occupant.

Fay, groveling on the floor in an excess of terror, shrieked and tore her fair hair unheeded, until Lucian Ware, with a face that, in its distorted, pallid intensity, was like the face of some unholy spirit, beautiful still, but baleful in its stamp of baffled rage, lifted her in his arms and placed her on a couch.

Then Erne put his hand on the great chair, wheeling it about to face the light.

The slight, erect figure in its rich brocade, with jeweled hands clasped loosely in the lap, was rigid and motionless as death itself. The lips were blue, and drawn apart, the soft, rich texture of the shriveled skin changed to a deathlike hue, but the eyes were wells of glittering light.

Even in that awful hour Madame Durand's glance never softened to implore those about her. The expression of the gleaming black orbs was one of impatience and command—bitter, hard, unwavering, as in all the undeviating course she had traversed.

It would seem that no affliction could bend or break the madame's indomitable spirit.

"Oh, not dead!" cried the lawyer, in tense sharp tones. "Thank Heaven! not dead!"

A sigh of ineffable relief broke over Mirabel's lips. She dropped her soft palms on the wrinkled brow, clammy as with the dews of death. Then she began to unloose the priceless lace at madame's throat, but a flash of those gleaming eyes arrested her movement.

The pale lips quivered slightly, but no articulate sound passed them. Mirabel interpreted the unuttered word with intuitive quickness.

"Ross?—I will find her for you. Mr. Thancroft, for Heaven's sake, do something quickly."

She sped away with almost incredible swiftness, and Mr. Thancroft turned his face toward Erne, with big, cold drops, wrung by intense emotion, standing on his brow.

"It is a paralytic stroke," he said, "and not the first. Send some one for Doctor Gaines, in all haste."

"I will go myself," returned Erne, hurriedly quitting the apartment.

After the first confusion of the shock, every thing was done with system and dispatch.

Lucian Ware came forward with quiet address, and lifting the palsied figure, tenderly bore madame to her own chamber. Ross came and waited on her helpless mistress, who was rallying already from the first severity of the stroke, and all waited with painful anxiety the coming of the physician.

Mirabel, meantime, busied herself in attempting to relieve the distress of Fay St. Orme. But the latter screamed and sobbed faintly as she lay upon the cushions.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she breathed faintly and shudderingly as the lawyer drew near.

He raised the water-pitcher he carried, threateningly, above her, as he eyed trembled and slightly unclosed.

"See here, young lady," he said, grimly, "you'll oblige all concerned by keeping perfectly quiet. I've seen people have hysteria before to-day, and know something about their management. Nothing so good as pure, cold water; so if you scream or struggle again, you'll receive the benefit of two quarters or more, and I'm afraid it might ruin your dress. That will do, Miss Durand; I'll keep watch for a time."

"Oh!" screamed Miss St. Orme, faintly, with symptoms of relapsing into another paroxysm; but a few drops of the ice-cold water flipped into her face, quieted her again.

Had not Mirabel been possessed of grave fears for Madame Durand, she would have smiled at the ludicrousness of the scene—the lawyer, grim and threatening, holding his pitcher aloft, Fay furtively watching him and endeavoring to suppress her shuddering sighs, for she had really worked herself into a state of high nervous excitement which even the selfishness that formed the chief element in her character could scarcely command.

The measure was harsh but salutary, and Miss St. Orme was soon recovered sufficiently to retire to her own apartment, where

one of the housemaids was deputed to attend her.

In half an hour's time Erne clattered back to the door, accompanied by Doctor Gaines, who devoted all his skill to the relief of Madame Durand, with partial success.

The generous stimulus he supplied brought an appearance of life back into the numbed, stricken body. The power of speech came with it, though the utterance was labored and slow.

Madame was in no further immediate danger, the physician said; she might recover the use of her limbs—he thought it most probable, she possessed so much of strong animal life; but for the time she must exercise patience and remain wholly unexcited.

Patience, in the manner of his meaning, was something new to the experience of Madame Durand. She had put an iron curb upon her affections, and literally ground out the tender sympathies which belong to the unperverted feminine nature, but she had never put check to her fancied desires nor controlled her impulses. She had covered by the garb of eccentricity the intense restlessness of a life barren of the satisfactory results which might have turned it into a smooth, pleasant, useful channel.

How much of the great, sorrowful mistake could be properly visited upon herself, how much ascribed to the force of early training, an intensity of natural passions, and the course of attendant events, it were a bootless effort to attempt determining.

But to this pass had madame come, and for this night at least she was willing to swallow the opiate which the physician prepared, and with Ross watching by her side, drift through an obscurity of painful apathy which was neither consciousness of her own strait nor the tense influence of unbanded visions. It may have been an undefined regret for the distorted past, it may have been a dim prescience of time and events in the dark. I'll let you see it some day if you like, Miss."

The maid slept on an impromptu couch in Fay's room that night. The young lady declared herself too nervous and unstrung to be left quite alone, and made this suggestion when Mirabel offered to share her apartment.

The housekeeper's niece slept soundly, never suspecting the train of consequences her gossip had set into motion.

It was the dark hour before the dawn, and Milly Ross drowsed in her watch by madame's bedside.

A faint rustle in the room did not arouse her, but madame, with wide-open, gazing eyes, saw a figure float past her perspective view. A figure wearing the dress of azure silk, the mass of golden hair looped high by the old-style comb, and the cold, proud face of Madame Rosalie Durand as pictured on the canvas hanging below.

Milly Ross woke suddenly to meet the intense gaze of her mistress.

"Exactly. At least I started my clerk ahead with that view. I want the truth of your way any day or night to accommodate me."

"If you don't object to crowding and don't attempt to interview me," returned the other, linking arms with his old friend as they walked down through the grounds to the avenue gates.

"But the last is just what I propose doing."

"Waylaid you, eh?"

"Exactly. At least I started my clerk ahead with that view. I want the truth of your way any day or night to accommodate me."

"Well, didn't you hear it?"

"I heard your report at the house."

"What more do you want, my friend?"

"I want a plain statement, I say. See here, Gaines, haven't you enough confidence in my discretion to break through professional reserve this once? I've got reason enough for pressing you, be assured."

"Well, then, I gave them truth straight enough up there, but not all of it. Madame's chance for ultimate recovery isn't one out of a thousand. She'll be better, she'll improve very rapidly, until some passing excitement brings on the final attack. So long as she's kept calm and quiet, she is tolerably safe; but you know she's no more to be ruled than the elements are."

The lawyer groaned audibly.

"There don't be so disheartened," said the doctor, encouragingly. "You'll find lost pickings neatly summed up in a quest without doubt; for my part, I don't owe much to the prime old gentleman. Her superior digestion left little room for the exercise of my profession, you see."

It was less lack of all feeling on the doctor's part which prompted his remark than a desire to divert his friend from the saddest aspect such a case must present.

"I wish I was sure of others faring as well as I shall, which means only that I'll get my just dues—neither more nor less."

"Here's the trouble, Gaines. Madame can't be induced to make her will or to discover Jules' son to his own rights."

"It is a paralytic stroke," he said, "and not the first. Send some one for Doctor Gaines, in all haste."

"I will go myself," returned Erne, hurriedly quitting the apartment.

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The measure was harsh but salutary, and Miss St. Orme was soon recovered sufficiently to retire to her own apartment, where

She went into her room, and found her white and shivering as a ghost, but the madame pretended it was only because her necklace was lost. That was enough to bring bad luck, she said.

"Madame believes in omens?" Fay inquired, carelessly.

"She's reason to," returned the girl, solemnly. "She's brought enough sorrow onto herself by disregarding of 'em. You saw the pictor in the parlor, Miss?"

Fay nodded.

"Well, it's counted a tempting of Providence to follow after the track of that one in any way whatsoever. But no sooner was our madame married and settled down, than she goes and orders a dress precisely like the one Madame Rosalie is painted in. She had it made all in secret they say, and dressed in it till she looked like the very pictor stepped from its frame. She meant to surprise her husband, she said, when he'd come home from the hunting where he'd gone that day.

"And, Miss, he was brought home stark dead?"

"Ugh!" shuddered Fay.

"Madame took off the dress and the other things, and put them away with her own hands in the very bottom of a great cedar-wood chest, where they've laid ever since, never seeing the light of day, except on a year, when she takes 'em out to brush and air."

"Have you seen them?" asked Fay, with awakened interest.

"I wouldn't durst let the madame know," said the girl, with a frightened look. "You see, since aunt has got rheumatic I keep the lumber-room key, and do the dusting and sorting there. I just took a peep into that chest one day, and the gown and all are there, kept fresher'n youth, think from being always in the dark. I'll let you see it some day if you like, Miss."

The maid slept on an impromptu couch in Fay's room that night. The young lady declared herself too nervous and unstrung to be left quite alone, and made this suggestion when Mirabel offered to share her apartment.

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Milly Ross woke suddenly to meet the intense gaze of her mistress.

"I have been warned, Ross," said madame, with slow, calm utterance. "I have seen Rosalie Durand."

Milly shuddered, knowing that other Durand superstition which the apparition foretold—that the person seeing it should meet death as did fair, false Rosalie—by poison!

—CHAPTER VIII.

A FORTUNE REJECTED.

ELEVEN next day saw Mr. Thancroft toiling up the steep, rocky footpath, which led to the manse.

The true-hearted little lawyer had taken his resolution at last, and was on his way to face madame, gently as might be, with the hopelessness of her case, and, in his unswerving fidelity, beseech her once more to relent toward the outcast scion of the house.

"I wouldn't shake her hold on life by so much as a breath," he muttered, as he stamped excitedly up on the rocky path-way. "I wouldn't even for the sake of Jules Durand's boy, but her span of years is so near the end, and his is all before him."

"Heaven grant the knowledge that it threatens her so closely may awaken the better promptings which she must experience, or stain the blank of her eternal future by letting a deliberate wrong go unrighted."

"Ah, madame, it's not so foul a neglect while you're here to rule your own, as it would be if strangers succeed you, and your son's boy be lost to all the noble chances of life as to his ancestral rights."

"There must be some way to reach her—some way to soften her—if I could but find it. She has no feelings on any subject except the subject of death, and she dreads that, but has always shrank from it as a horror that stands aloof in the far future."

"If she dies without revealing his personality, he may never know his true name or station, and Lord only knows if he'll be lost to all the noble chances of life as to his ancestral rights."

"No; madame is too sensible when rightly approached. She must see the necessity for quiet action, and yield to it."

"Nevertheless, I'll not take the risk," declared the doctor; "But, ah, madame! will it not be well to make your peace here as a preparation for the great hereafter?"

Madame was powerless to turn her head, but her right hand wavered slightly up, and her keen eyes flashed brilliantly upon him.

"And I'll not cringe to you," declared Mr. Thancroft. "But, ah, madame! will it not be well to make your peace here as a preparation for the great hereafter?"

Madame was powerless to turn her head, but her right hand wavered slightly up, and her keen eyes flashed brilliantly upon him.

"Don't trouble yourselves about my state of health, young people," said madame, when Erne would have expressed his solicitude. "It's a waste of breath, and my breath is precious, if yours is not; besides, Ross can tell you all that. Where is Ross?"

Milly advanced to the bedside.

"You can go now, Ross. Miss Durand will ring when you're wanted again."

"Come nearer," said madame, when Ross had gone. "Here, Miss Durand, let me look you squarely in the face again."

Mirabel turned her face squarely to the light and patiently awaited madame's pleasure.

"True Durand—true to the core!" the latter muttered. "I've not mistaken her."

"How would you like to be my heiress, Mirabel Durand?" asked she, still scanning the girl's features. "How would you like to come all of Fairview Glen, and wealth enough besides to buy the souls of half the people in it, and not sell them cheap at that, either?"

"It would be a great change for the persecuted assistant in a daily school, would it not? Preferable to the role of music-teacher as you found it?"

"I've really a mind to do it, Miss Durand. I've a mind to leave it all to you."

Milie paused, peering alternately at them both. Mirabel, taken utterly by surprise, remained silent; while Erne listened in respectful attendance to the madame's will.

I would forfeit by such a mercenary marriage, and I would not wrong the lady by entering into such an unloving compact."

Mirabel turned to him, with an eloquent smile illuminating her countenance, softening the proud curve of her scarlet lips. She put out her hand to him with an impulsive, graceful motion.

"I thank you from my heart, Mr. Valere. I could no more comply with madame's proposition than could you, and you have released me from the first embarrassment of the refusal."

He inclined his head over the white, delicate hand, and felt a thrill of pleasurable delight in hearing her approbation.

"Had not Fay St. Orne woven her fascinations about him he might have defined that thrill as an awakening sensation of something more than simple admiration.

And Mirabel, recognizing the nobility of soul which the young man possessed, and with a woman's appreciation of manly strength and comeliness noting his perfect proportions, and open, handsome face, did not fail to do honor to madame's judgment.

A link of sympathy was welded in that moment which was the first link of the chain which was hereafter to draw them closer than they could now imagine.

"Ah!" cried madame, "and you would both throw away such a prospect? You are mad—mad, both of you."

"I will not change my conditions, though again before the chance is lost."

"I have chosen, madame," said Valere.

"And I," spoke Mirabel, "could never rest as the inheritor of your wealth. Oh, madame, leave it all to the one who has a rightful claim upon it—to the son of Jules Durand."

Madame's eyes flashed a lightning ray, and her right hand clenched itself.

Her lips parted as though an angry torrent would rush forth, but she uttered only a single word.

"Go!"

Mirabel sprang to her side in affright.

"You are ill, madame! The exertion has been too great for you!"

"Go!" repeated madame, shrilly.

A rustle like the stirring of the wind among the leaves on the balcony, and Miley Ross slipped away from her hidden position beneath the open window. Noiselessly she glided back to the swinging casement of the ante-room, and stopped with a gasp face to face with Fay St. Orne, who had shrouded herself behind the damask curtain.

At the same moment the bell in madame's room rung a summons.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 133.)

## The Wronged Heiress:

### The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY BETTY WINWOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW'S SECRET," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BAPTIZED FOR THE DEPENDENT PROFESSOR," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN,"  
"TWO LOVERS!" "MIRIAM BERWORTH'S SECRET," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GAMBLER'S LAIR.

PHILIP stood looking thoughtfully into Dick's face, for some minutes.

"My mind is relieved of one heavy burden," he resumed, after a long silence. "I know that Mabel lives." Belmont could not have had it in his thoughts to put her out of the way."

"No," said Dick, gravely. "Her life is safe in his hands. He would deserve her for a fate worse than death."

Philip shuddered. "I shall not rest until the dear angel is found," he said, between his set teeth. "And if that villain has harmed one hair of her head, it shall go hard with him."

"Count me with you, sir."

Philip wrung the young man's hand. "God bless you!" he cried, in a voice of strong emotion. "You can't be of incalculable service to me, if you will; and Mabel must be found at whatever cost!"

"Yes, yes."

Julia pressed nearer her companions.

"From what Belmont said to Old Het," she interrupted, "I know he has a retreat of some sort outside the city, where he intended to take his captive."

"You do not know in which direction that retreat lies?"

"No more than that it is in Westchester county."

"We must and will find it."

A hurried consultation then ensued. It was finally decided that Philip and Dick should both accompany Julia back to Slaughter-house Point, and then seek the gambling-hell in upper Broadway, which they well knew Belmont was in the habit of frequenting.

It would be possible, they thought, there to discover the exact location of the row's country-house.

They left Julia within sight of Old Het's establishment, and then hailed the first carriage that passed.

It was nearly midnight when they reached that modern hell in upper Broadway.

Philip was not in the habit of frequenting such places; but he had been to this particular house two or three times before.

However, he and Dick now entered the spacious apartment devoted to faro, with the careless, lounging air of men perfectly familiar with such places.

They found themselves in a brilliantly-lighted room, furnished in the most elaborate and costly manner. Paintings decorated the walls, and a soft velvet pile covered the floor.

There was the usual side-board, where liquors of the most excellent quality were freely offered to all comers.

Near the center of the apartment stood a massive table covered with green cloth, and around which a little group was gathered, at the moment our friends crossed the threshold, in anxious, but silent expectancy.

Philip's eyes were roving over this group, half-absently, when Dick, of a sudden, caught his hand and pressed it significantly.

"Look," he whispered. "There's Belmont himself, as sure as I'm a sinner."

Philip turned quickly. There, indeed, stood the man he was wishing to find, near a roulette-wheel in one corner, listlessly, but by no means indifferently, surveying the scene.

His wandering gaze met Philip's at this instant. He gave a slight start, bowed somewhat awkwardly, hesitated a little, and finally approached.

As he did so, Dick leaned toward his companion, and whispered, hurriedly:

"Philip, we must get you out of this place."

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL

7

of 'em were rank Cowboys, and death on us Yankees, so I had to turn Cowboy, and rob my own side to save my life. Not but what they'd 'a' skinned a Britisher as quick as wink if they'd 'a' been able to find 'em, but there weren't many in these parts."

"Well," said Everard, "and suppose I trust you, how do you propose to get me out of the scrape? My pursuers may very likely be not far off now."

"You must turn Skinner," said Paulding, promptly. "Leave your horse, take off that dress, and cross the river with me. Once on the Neutral Ground, we're all safe."

Everard sighed. "Leave my poor horse?" he said. "Alas, he is all I have now."

"Well, Cap, if ye want to be hung for a spy, ye can stay," said the Skinner, firmly. "That horse can't cross no river, and our path lies right over the edge of that bank."

He pointed through the woods beyond them, where the white line of the water could be seen through the trees, and the edge of the precipice called the Palisades was plainly discernible.

"We've got a boat at the foot of the rocks," he said, "and we were going to cross to the Neutral Ground this very night. Will you come with me?"

"I will," said Everard, making his determination. "I may as well trust you as any one. I am a patriot officer, involved in a vile plot by royal spies. To save my life and honor I pretended to desert to the British, but only to gather a sufficient quantity of intelligence to be of value to the Commander-in-chief. That letter the ranger carried away contains the news. Till that reaches him I am liable to be shot as a deserter. If it goes safe, I shall soon be safe too. Now let me see what you can do to save our country and help me."

"Very good, Cap," said Paulding, respectfully. "I can tell an officer when I see him. Now sir, you must strip off those British clothes and put on Jim Williams' duds. You're about a size. Over in the Neutral Ground, I've got lots of friends, and we'll join a band of Skimmers till you hear news that'll do you good. Come, sir, we hasn't no time to lose. All this shooting will bring down dragoons pretty soon."

Everard saw the justice of the remark. It grieved him sorely to part with his noble horse, but it was a stern necessity. Occupied as the country was by regular troops, he was not safe a minute where he was.

In the Neutral Ground of Westchester county he would be safe, for a while, and could hear news from Murphy.

And what was this Neutral Ground?

It was a belt of country surrounding New York, and stretching within a few miles of the American outposts.

It was called the "Neutral Ground," and might have been a very pleasant place to live in, but for one unpleasant fact.

Neutral Ground was a misnomer. It should have been called "Common Ground."

It was common to both parties, and the only neutrals who lived on it were the poor farmers.

They were impartially plundered by both sides.

The State of New York, in its wisdom, had enacted a law that any person or persons found driving cattle over this Neutral Ground, toward New York, should be adjudged enemies of the State, as giving aid and comfort to the British.

Consequently they might be fired on by any good patriot, who might also convert the cattle to his own use.

The last clause made this the most popular of laws. It gave cattle to any one who could shoot a Tory, or catch a cow grazing with her nose toward New York.

This was not the original intention of the law, perhaps, but it was its effect. The result was that a class of gentlemen betook themselves to finding cattle for a living, not being very particular as to where they found them. It was always easy to swear that the cattle were being driven to New York "to help the blasted Britishers."

The blasted Britishers retaliated, and made midnight raids on the cow-houses of their Westchester neighbors, far and near. From their peculiar way of warfare, the irregular troops on both sides acquired the name of "Cowboys."

Finally the British became so hungry after beef in New York that their parties became strong enough to drive out those of the other persuasion, and the name of "Cowboy" became applicable only to the British military thieves.

The sons of liberty and plunder on the other side of the Neutral Ground saw their usual stolen beef cut off, and were compelled to hang around the skirts of the American army proper, earning a precarious livelihood by occasional raids on the unhappy farmers.

They, poor creatures, had lost almost all they had, and it was difficult to get any more out of them.

The thieves were equal to the emergency, and pulled up the vegetables in the gardens, besides stripping the poor people of their clothes.

From this excess of administrative ability they obtained the name of "Skimmers," and they deserved it.

It was to a band of these interesting gentlemen that our unfortunate hero was about to be introduced, and to which he unwillingly followed Paulding, as the only means of escape before him from the certain ruin of capture in New Jersey by his old regiment.

He descended the Palisades with some difficulty, by a cleft known to Paulding, leaving his horse turned loose to graze, and crossed the river in a boat, once more a penniless fugitive, now liable to be shot by either side.

It was sunset when the two men pulled from shore.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE SKIMMERS' RECRUIT.

Nor far from Tarrytown stood a large deserted farm-house, in the middle of neglected fields. It was at the edge of the Neutral Ground, and had suffered heavily from the war. Cowboys and Skimmers had alike been impartial in plundering the unhappy owner, and the latter, finally disheartened by his many losses, had abandoned his farm, and gone off no one knew where. On the night of the day in which Everard made his escape with John Paulding, a number of men were gathered together in this old house, which was quite sheltered from view in the midst of thriving orchards, the only remains of cultivation left now. They were seated or lying down on the

bare floor of the large old-fashioned kitchen—all the furniture of the house had disappeared long before—talking together lazily, with a general aspect of waiting for some one or something. A fire burned in the large fire-place, made of the dryest kind of timber, cut and squared to all appearance for other purposes. What it was, and the reckless character of the men, could be inferred from the blows of an ax in the very next room, and the fall of plaster. Some one was hacking down the partition of a room to make firewood of the studs and laths.

"Hello, Van Wart, hurry up with your wood! Fire's getting low," growled a spotty-faced young man in homespun suit, who lay on the floor, with the butt of a rusty fowling-piece for a pillow.

"Come and help cut yourself, you lazy loafer!" responded the amiable voice of the chopper in the next room. "Darned if I'm going to do all the work to sleep for the night, Everard's last waking thought being:

"Has the General got my letter yet?"

He knew more of the British man-of-war than Haverstraw than any of his new comrades, but he did not propose to tell his knowledge, till the right time came.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### THE PRIZE.

Two days after this, four men were seated on the top of a low swell of ground back of Tarrytown, overlooking the road toward White Plains, and commanding a view of the whole country for some distance beyond.

A second party, three in number, were on the line of the road itself, where it ran into a hollow. Two of them were seated on the grass behind some bushes, playing cards, while the third stood near by, leaning on his musket and watching the road. This man, who was quite young, stood with his head just overlooking the swell of ground beyond, and commanding the road about a mile, while he himself would be unseen.

The sentinel was Everard Barbour. His reflections were by no means pleasant. He had no means of receiving any intelligence from Murphy, and knew not how his letter had been received, and whether it was believed or not. That letter had contained important revelations, on which he knew that the safety of America hung. He had obtained indubitable proofs that his old General, whom he had loved and trusted so long, was really and truly a traitor, in correspondence with the enemy.

Could it be possible that Murphy had missed Washington? If so, he might be late. The British vessel up the river, the officer landed on the other side, Everard knew who they were, and ere this that officer might be back in New York, with the plot consummated which was to give up the line of the Hudson to the British without striking a blow. As Everard thought of these things, his head seemed to swim, and the gay, careless voices of his two companions, joking and laughing over their cards, grating on his ears.

"Say, Jack, you ain't no great hand at seven-up," said the rough voice of Van Wart. "Ain't there no other game you kin play better? Here, you go and take Dave's musket, and let him come and play. I feel like beatin' a couple of fellers to-day."

"I don't want to play," said Everard, curtly. "Go on, yourselves. I prefer to court-sentry."

"Needn't be so short about it," said Ike.

"Grumblin'. Don't believe ye c'd play me, of yer tried to. Yer ain't no great shakes, nohow. Come, Jack. May as well beat you another game."

"I noticed Andre turn visibly paler as he said it.

Instantly Paulding was down on his knees, and a cry of triumph broke from his lips as he seized the prisoner's foot. The rustle of papers was heard in the stocking.

From that moment Andre became suddenly resigned. He allowed them to take off his stockings and draw forth two pairs, which both men immediately seized with avidity.

"Why, this is a spy, Jack," exclaimed Ike Van Wart, eagerly.

His paper contained a diagram of West Point, with tables of the ordnance there, and the Skinner knew enough to be sure that any one carrying such news to New York must be a spy, although his lack of education prevented his understanding much more.

Paulding appeared to be puzzled with his.

"What a cursed fist this fellow writes!" he grumbled. "Here, Williams, you take a look at this."

And he handed the paper to Everard, who took it with a hand trembling with eagerness, and looked over it.

"At last!" he ejaculated, as his eyes fell on the writing. "My God, I thank thee!

His listeners were astonished at the exclamation, none more so than Andre, whose eyes fell on Everard's face for the first time.

"Captain Barbour!" he ejaculated, in a low tone of amazement.

Everard never heeded him.

"At last I have him," he said; "this General who ruined me and drove me forth an outcast, with a traitor's name! Now I have the proofs in your own hand, and now shall the world know Benedict Arnold!"

"Say, Dave, what ails ye?" asked Van Wart, astonished. "What in the old boy are you talkin' about?"

"The salvation of America!" said Everard, triumphantly shaking the paper.

"These papers are worth more money than you ever saw, fool. As for the prisoner, ask him what he'll give us to set him free."

"Any thing in the world, in reason," said Andre, eagerly. "What do you want? I'll give you a hundred pounds in money and five hundred more in goods, delivered at any place you like, if you'll let me go. My God, I must get on, you know."

"If you was to offer us ten thousand golden guineas you couldn't stir a single step from this spot," said Paulding, fiercely.

"Major Andre passed Everard unconsciously, looking from one to the other, and endeavoring to ascertain from their dress who they were. "You belong to our party, don't you?"

The astonished officer pulled up his horse and demanded:

"Why do you stop me, gentlemen? What party do you belong to?" as Van Wart stepped out of the bushes and seized the horse by the bridle.

Everard showed himself a little distance off at the same time, but kept his face hidden by slouching his hat.

"Why do you stop me, gentlemen?" repeated Andre, looking from one to the other, and endeavoring to ascertain from their dress who they were. "You belong to our party, don't you?"

"Ay, ay," replied Paulding, evasively. "Of course we do. Lower Party, eh?"

"I thought so," responded Andre, joyfully.

"Then if you belong to the Lower Party you won't stop me, of course. I'm a British officer on my way to New York with dispatches. So good-day to you all."

"Not so fast," said Van Wart, his dull face lighted up with a gleam of cunning.

"You say you're a British officer. Well, then, we don't belong to the Lower Party at all. We're good patriots."

"And you're our prisoner," said Paulding, sternly; "so get off your horse."

"What are you Americans?" asked the poor major, paling visibly.

the river toward New York. In this portion of the band, Everard and Paulding found themselves, the former under the assumed name of Dave Williams. They were joined by Ike Van Wart and four others, and Ike observed, with great satisfaction:

"We'll have easy times, fellers. I kin sit on my hinder end on the grass and watch a road as good as the next man. Let 'em go, them other fellers. Ef they finds out any more nor we do, I'm satisfied."

Their plans settled, the whole of the amiable crew wrapped themselves in horse-blankets, etc., and stretched themselves round the fire to sleep for the night. Everard's last waking thought being:

"Has the General got my letter yet?"

He knew more of the British man-of-war than Haverstraw than any of his new comrades, but he did not propose to tell his knowledge, till the right time came.

Presently the sound of a heavy fall of plaster was heard, followed by breaking wood; and a stout, sturdy-looking young fellow, with the face of mingled cunning and stupidity that belongs to the country bumpkin, tumbled into the room, slowly lagging behind him three or four square studs in a bundle. He tramped across the floor, regardless of any one lying in the way, and cast down his burden with a crash that shook the whole house.

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With shame and anger depicted on his face, Andre dismounted.

"You insolent hounds," he said, angrily. "You shall repent this outrage before long, when your General hears of it. Well, search, and much good may it do you!"

He submitted with very poor grace to be taken to the side of the road, stripped, and examined. At first the searchers found nothing to reward them, except a purse and watch, which they quietly appropriated, with true Skinner providence. Everard stood moodily by looking on. As such Andre considered them, for he did not deign to remonstrate any more, submitting to his plunders with sullen resignation. He was totally unarmed, probably the better to carry out the disguise he had assumed, otherwise he might not have submitted so quietly at first.

After the Skimmers had stripped him to his underclothes they examined his boots, and having found nothing, were about reluctantly to allow him to take back his property, fearing that he might really be an American, when Everard again interposed.

He knew Andre well by sight, and might easily have settled the business at first by pointing him out, but it went against his sense of honor to repay the kindness he had received in such a manner.

And he also knew that Andre, coming from West Point, must have with him or about him something more valuable than money to him, and more dangerous to America.

And they dealt the cards for a fresh hand, while Everard resumed his long watch on the road. In the passage of his thoughts he almost forgot what he was about, and started with as much surprise as if he had been asleep, when he became aware that a horseman was riding toward him in full view, who must have been so for some time, although he had failed to notice him in his own abstraction.

He looked steadily at the advancing stranger, who was, to all appearance, a citizen, but who yet sat in his saddle with an air and carriage that told of the dragon.

The young man thought, too, that he recognized the other as he came nearer, but he was uncertain. If his suspicion was correct, Everard felt that his future was safe.

"Paulding, Ike, quick, some ones come!" he said, in a low tone. "Take your posts and be ready for him. He may be a prize worth taking."

The two Skimmers jumped to their feet in a moment. Ike Van Wart ran along the other side of the road, hidden by the bushes, while Paulding took his station, ready to jump into the road a little below. Everard remained where he was, unseen by the approaching horseman, till the latter was close enough for his features to be distinguished. Then the young man muttered to himself:

"Heavens! it is as I thought. It is Major Andre himself coming back, and the plot has not been fulfilled yet."

He remained hidden where he was, till the horseman had passed him with perfect lack of suspicion. He well knew the handsome, clear-cut face of Major Andre, Clinton's Adjutant-General, and knew that he must be returning from the consummation of his bargain with the commander at West Point.

He could not bear to be the means of sending Andre to the doom of a spy, and yet he saw no alternative. Andre had been kind to him, but the welfare of his country was at stake, and besides that, his own reputation.

Major Andre passed Everard unconsciously, looking from one to the other, and endeavoring to ascertain from their dress who they were. "You belong to our party, don't you?"

Everard showed himself a little distance off at the same time, but kept his face hidden by slouching his hat.

"Why do you stop me, gentlemen?" repeated Andre, looking from one to the other, and endeavoring to ascertain from their dress who they were. "You belong to our party, don't you?"

"Ay, ay," replied Paulding, evasively. "Of course we do. Lower Party, eh?"

"I thought so," responded Andre, joyfully.

"Then if you belong to the Lower Party you won't stop me, of course. I'm

**MY FIRST CIGAR.**  
BY JOE JOT, JR.

The first time I smoked a cigar  
Quite well I remember it was  
For the lack of remembering things  
Which only I ought to forget.

I was dreadfully young for my age,  
And wofully small for my size.  
All because, as my mother would say,  
I too often got into the pies.

I'd invested a cent in cigars,  
Havana brand, three for a penny—  
A cent in those days was quite large,  
But I had not expected so many.

So, that night, with some matches I climbed  
On the end of the lot and well out  
Of the sight of my sire, of whose little doubt  
I had not the least little doubt.

Then I lit the fire at the end seemed Promethean;  
And the smoke that ascended in clouds  
Toward the moon was Elysian and Lethean.

I blessed the far field that first grew  
The tobacco, and said it was well—  
Though at every consecutive puff  
A mouthful of smoke I swallowed.

And I choked, coughed, strangled and gasped,  
But smoked on in spite of my tears,  
And so much smoke went into my head  
It came out of my eyes and my ears.

I had always considered that smoking  
Was the easiest thing in the world,  
But I wasn't so sure; still no less  
The smoke rose above me and curled,

And drifted all over the field.

"Then come to go at a higher;  
For if you're not a good boy now, then nevermore  
I smoked like a chimney afire."

I dropped the cigarette and said "Well, I'll do it!"  
Had something got under the coop?  
For the roof was beginning to heave,  
Toss and pitch like the deck of a sloop.

I struggled my best to hold on,  
Got sea-sick from the rolling and pitching,  
So I rolled to the ground with a thump,  
Crawled up and laid down in the kitchen.

And as there I rolled over the floor,  
In a dying condition all night,  
I made a vow that I'd never,  
Though I lived to see barking dogs bite,

Touch another cigar in the world—  
If I did, then pray God I would choke.

I recovered at length, and the vow—

I remember—whenever I smoke!

### Claude Steele's Scheme.

#### A STORY OF THE BURNED CITY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"He's not going to come to-night, and were it not for the money the transaction will bring to my purse, I wouldn't care a jot if he never crossed my threshold again. He's a bad man, this merchant prince, Claude Steele. I knew him when a price was set upon his head; but how changeful fortune is! I was rich once—now I'm a perfect Lazarus," and the speaker's cold gray eyes glanced around the mean apartment he occupied.

"Yes," he resumed a moment later, "I saw the time when Claude Steele thought every shadow the shade of justice, and every sound the sheriff's footsteps. But now—now he dashes down Chicago's proudest avenues, and the hands that once wielded the counterfeiter's graver, grip silken reins. Ah! who in this great city dreams that the respected merchant was once the chief of counterfeiters! And he was coming to me to-night; coming for that which—and he lowered his creaked voice—"that which kills. But ha! the clock strikes nine, and he is yet away. I'll go to bed."

As the man ceased, his hand moved to a dingy lamp that surmounted a mantel to his left, and he was on the point of extinguishing it, when a light tap sounded on the door.

"Ha! Claude Steele," he ejaculated, and sprang to the portal.

The following moment a tall and robust individual, whose features were concealed by a slouch hat and gray cloak, entered the room, and threw himself into a chair, while the old man fastened the door.

"Is my identity safe here?" questioned Claude Steele, glancing fearfully about him. "I wouldn't be discovered here for the wealth of the world."

"I should think you wouldn't," said the old man, turning from his work with a smile, and then the hat and cloak fell back, displaying the form and features of the Chicago merchant.

He was a man in the middle years of life; but his face told of a life of crime, for which, during the last decade, he had tried to atone by living what the half-blinded world calls "an honest life."

"I am in a hurry, David," he said, speaking rapidly, "and we must at once to business. You know what I seek in this hotel—the Court-house dome, and Dearborn street is a sea of fire. And now they dash into Hawthorne street. He lives there, mother—he whose bride I am to be to-morrow. Oh, God! does he slumber while Chicago burns?"

"And it is ready, sir," said the man, glancing at the well-stuffed pocket-book. Claude Steele was drawing from his bosom, and his wrinkled hand shot beneath the long gown he wore.

The merchant's eyes followed the skinny member, and his eyes flashed when it repeated clutching one of the tiniest of vials.

"Here," said David—David Cumming—here, Claude Steele, is the green liquor that kills people with the heart disease," and he smiled with his last words.

"Hush, David," don't be so loud, admonished the merchant.

"I didn't speak above a whisper, did I?"

"No, but walls have ears nowadays. Quick! pass me the vial," and in the twinkling of an eye the green liquid changed hands.

Claude Steele thrust the vial into his bosom, and counted two hundred dollars out upon the poisoner's table.

The old man gripped the bills with a grin of delight.

"Do you know how to administer it?" he asked, a moment later.

"No."

"First, who are you going to kill—man or woman?"

"Who said I was going to kill anybody?" cried Claude Steele, feigning great indignation.

"Nobody; but men don't send merchant princes hither for poison."

For a moment the rich man was nonplussed.

"I don't choose to tell you who's going to die," he said, at length.

"Then go," said old David. "If you give a woman a man's dose of that two hundred dollar stuff, it will do no harm, and vice versa. I'm going to bed now, sir. Good-night."

At first the merchant shot the poisoner a mad look, and then he stepped toward him.

"Do you speak the truth, David?"

"If I don't, kill me."

"Then, if you must know, a man is going to give Charon his obolus."

"A young man?"

Claude Steele hesitated, but at last he whispered hoarsely:

"Yes."

Quick upon the reply came a very impudent interrogative.

"His name."

"Never!" cried Claude Steele, starting back, while the color deserted his full cheeks. "David Cumming, you can't force every thing out of me. I'm going now."

"Claude Steele!"

The unexpected mention of his name caused the merchant prince to tremble, and the look he shot at the poisoner was full of fear.

"Ha! I know you, Claude Steele," continued old David, laughing at the merchant's consternation, "and a revelation of mine would drive you from society—from Chicago—to the penitentiary; but I'll forego that revelation if you'll tell me who that poison's for."

"I'll eat my heart first!" almost shrieked the poison-buyer, "and I'll stop your blabbing mouth forever."

The last word was yet on his lips, when he darted forward, and clutched old David's throat. Without resistance, for old age could not compete with Claude Steele's strength, the old man sunk to the floor, and the frenzied merchant held him there until he heard the death-gurgle in his throat.

Then he sprang to his feet, and darted toward the door.

"I wonder who he was?" he murmured, his mind reverting to the man who lay so still in the room. "He knew what I have been—ah! he knew too much, and yet wanted to know more. But I've finished him, and now for the unexpected wedding overture!"

He opened the door, and with a smile for the protecting gloom that reigned without, sprang from the scene of his crime, and hurried away as if the ghost of David Cumming was on his track.

Suddenly the fire-bells broke the slumbering atmosphere, ushering in the mightiest conflagration the world has ever seen.

The man who stood beside the sleeping M.D. permitted the red glare that streamed through the windows to fall upon his face, and reveal the features of Claude Steele.

Silently he drew the poisoner's vial from his pocket, and inverted it over the sleeper's, and his successful rival's, lips.

Slowly the greenish liquid exuded, and a change came over Hillare Harney's face.

It was the precursor of that sleep which lasts forever.

"Ah, I can win her now!" cried the merchant, returning the empty vial to his pocket. "He's dead! dead! dead! and so sure as I exist, the fire will roast him besides." "Ha!" looking beyond the panes, "it cometh this way like a monsoon."

Then he dashed from the house, and fled with a thousand homeless beings down Hawthorne street. Notwithstanding the

"What's wantin'?" asked the Celtic servant who opened the door.

"The city's burning up!" said the man, in quick tones. "Is it possible that you are ignorant of the fact?"

"An' shure we be not. The boarders have all gone to the fire, save one, and he wouldn't go, for sure he sez it beant much o' a fire. He's the chappy phat's to be married to-morrow."

The man could not repress an ejaculation of joy.

"I will wake him," he said, pushing past the girl. "I know him, and he'll burn up if he sleeps."

The servant did not try to stop the intruder, who bounded up the stairs in the corridor, and was soon lost to view.

Presently he paused before a door, which he pushed open without noise, and stood beside the bed of Hillare Harney. The young man had resided in Chicago from boyhood, and of late years he had not permitted fire to rob him of needed rest.

When the alarm bells roused him this particular night, he glanced from his window, saw the light far away, and told a fellow-boarder to summon him if danger should really menace them. This the boarder had failed to do, and all the inmates of the house save Hillare and the servant were watching the progress of the destroying demon.

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**Mohenesto:**  
or,  
**Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.**

BY HENRY M. AVERY.  
(MAJOR MAX MARTINEZ.)

VIII.—A Legend of the Dakotas.—The Origin of Musketeos.—A Prediction Fulfilled.—Legend of Maiden's Rock.—The Old, Old Story, ever New.—Winona's Last Song.—A Test of Constancy.—

The Red River Indians have a curious legend respecting the origin of musketeos. They say that once upon a time there was a famine, and the Indians could get no game. Hundreds had died from hunger, and desolation filled the land. All kinds of offerings were made to the Great Spirit without avail, until one day two hunters came upon a white wolverine, a very rare animal. Upon shooting the wolverine, an old woman sprung up out of the skin, and saying that she was a "Manito," promised to go and live with them, also promising them plenty of game as long as they treated her well and gave her the first choice of all the game that should be brought in. The two Indians assented to this, and took the old woman home with them, which event was immediately succeeded by an abundance of game.

When the sharpness of the famine had passed in the prosperity which the old woman had brought to the tribes, the Indians became dainty in their appetites, and complained of the manner in which the old woman had taken to herself all the choice bits; and this feeling became so intense that, notwithstanding the warning that if they violated their promise a terrible calamity would come upon the Indians, they one day killed her as she was seizing her share of a fatreindeer which the hunters had just brought in. Great consternation immediately struck the witnesses of the deed, and the Indians, to escape the predicted calamity, bodily struck their tents, and moved away to a great distance. Time passed without any catastrophe occurring, and the game becoming even more plentiful, the Indians again began to laugh

choice of a man who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence, while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use hard measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties that she should not be forced into a union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to lead a single life, they turned a deaf ear.

Winona had always enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to a union should be obtained by persuasive means rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclinations. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that, in their simple mode of living, an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment.

Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience.

"Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair: I said I loved him not. I could not live with him; but you would not. You say you love me; that you are my father and brothers, my relatives, yet you have driven me from the only man with whom I wish to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet he was the man of my choice. Is this your love? But it even appears that this is not enough: you would have me do more: you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so: but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection. As she uttered these words she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, decreed that that very day Winona should be united to the warrior.

"While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way to the top of the hill: when she reached the summit, she called with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. 'You,' said she, 'were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen; you endeavored by deceitful words to make me faithless to him, but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me: you knew me not if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs.'

"She then commenced to sing her dirge: the light wind which blew at the time wafted the words toward the spot where her friends were: they immediately rushed, some toward the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose: her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse, near her distressed friends."

This has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it without involuntarily casting his eyes toward the giddy height, to contemplate the place whence this unfortunate girl fell, a victim to the cruelty of her unrelenting parents.

This tragedy was enacted many years ago. But we are told that "there were in the circumstances of this case several conditions which tended to impart to it a peculiar interest: the maid was one who had been a favorite in her tribe; the warrior whom her parents had selected was one of note; her unluckily end was a public one; many were the witnesses to it; it was impressive in the highest degree; the romantic situation of the spot, which may be thought to have had some influence over the mind of a young and enthusiastic female, must have had a corresponding effect upon those who witnessed it."

It did produce an indelible impression upon its witnesses; and the Indian now who has even received the strange tale from others relates it with deep and unaffected feeling. It is one of those cases that show how completely the savage is swayed by passion, and presents at the same time a test of its sincerity and constancy.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

"The SATURDAY JOURNAL is unsurpassed by the brilliancy, power and novelty of its Serials." is what the best judges say of it.

**How an Indian Commits Suicide.**—Some time since an Indian by the name of Solomon Sau-ba, was found lying in the road, near the Coldwater bridge, in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Mich., with a fatal wound in the throat. He was brought to the village, and a post-mortem examination held. It appears from the testimony that he left home about daylight, to go to a camp of hunters on the Pine river, near Millbrook. He had gone about four miles from home, on the direct route to his destination. When found, his body was yet warm, but life was extinct. It seems that he unsheathed his knife, which is a bowie, with a blade about eight inches long and one-and-a-half wide, and with one heavy stroke thrust it into his neck, just above the breast-bone, the knife passing downward and a trifle to the left, to the depth of about five inches, and inflicting a wound in the aorta, about one-half an inch wide